The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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MORE CAMPAIGNING A LA BOLSHEVIKI.

REPORTS from Russia of the "stern" measures the Bolsheviki are adopting, now that peace negotiations with the Central Powers are definitely broken off, will delude the Allies with no false hopes of renewed pressure against Teutonic forces on the eastern front.

Bolshevik generals despatched to the command of Russia's demoralized armies are not going to be the cause of any hasty withdrawal of German divisions from the fighting lines in the west.

The statement of one of the Bolshevik peace delegates is characteristic:

> Our strength lies in our weakness. The weaker we are, the stronger we are. We stand for a democratic peace. So do the German working classes. If the German Government attacks us it will display itself to its own people in its true light.

This is closely allied to the earlier Soviet theory of "campaigning against Germany" by fraternizing with soldiers of the German armies and plying them with propaganda designed to influence both them and their toiling fellow-Germans in the war-shops of the Fatherland.

The Bolsheviki would doubtless like more than ever to have the Allies accept that sort of campaigning as the most effective present contribution Russia can make to the cause of democracy.

Remember this, however: Whatever may be said of the Bolsheviki, they helped lead on the Imperial German Government to a blunder the effects of which in Germany have only begun to be apparent.

"We have lost the first rubber against England." So George Bernhard, writing in the Vossische Zeitung on the Brest-Litovsk fiasco, is quoted in a cable to the Times:

> Once again Germany's best intentions have been frustrated through over-clever methods. A situation has been created almost as bad as in the Bethmann-Hollweg days and worse than in the Mexico affair.

The time may not be so far off when bungling and failure will have discredited Imperial German foreign policy and methods to a point where the German people will no longer consent to leave them to an inner council dominated by a Prussian war-dynasty.

On that day will dawn the real hope of peace.

It may be the Bolsheviki, despite their defection from the firing lines, will be found, after all, to have hastened rather than delayed its coming.

WHERE THE CHARITY COMES IN.

TWO days ago, at the height of the coal famine, The Evening World, with the co-operation of the Housewives' League and the Independent Consumers' Ice and Coal Company, brought relief to three thousand fuel-starved families on the lower east side by buying sixty tons of coal reserved for saloons, cafes and hotels and promptly distributing it among small purchasers who stood in desperate need of it.

Praising this action of The Evening World, Justice Benjamin A. Hoffman, who acted as Chairman of the distributing committee, said yesterday:

> The Evening World will always be remembered on the east side for the great work of Sunday and the happiness it brought to many poor families. The Evening World didn't shame our people in its generosity. They didn't want charity and the distribution wasn't made with the ringing of charity bells.

There assuredly ought to be no question of charity in providing reasonable and constant supplies of coal for small consumers in this city, most of whom are able and willing to pay fair prices for it when they can get it.

There ought to be sufficient foresight and organizing capacity at the service of an American community of five million and a half people to prevent a recurrence of the deplorable suffering that zero weather and dearth of coal have brought upon this great terminus of coal carrying roads, which is only twenty-four hours by rail from the richest coal mines on the continent.

If fuel administrators, railroads, coal distributing concerns and local authorities, ignoring the certainty of winter storms and cold until the storms and cold are doing their grim work, have repeatedly to be helped out of drifts and rescued from the consequences of short-sightedness and lack of co-operation—surely this should be recognized as the real charity.

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

More About Brooklyn Trains.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have the misfortune to be a Brooklynite and am daily experiencing more trouble in getting to my home in the evening. I travel on the Myrtle Avenue-Broadway line. The congestion at Chambers Street and the stations following it is almost unbearable. Nightly windows are smashed and many passengers sustain minor injuries, such as cuts, bruises and wrenched arms and legs. Cattle from the stockyards are not packed into cars as the human beings who have the misfortune to ride on these trains. During the past few days, with the mercury hovering about zero, there was not a bit of heat turned on in any of these cars. It may be well for the officials to state that there is a scarcity of fuel and men, but why can the Interboro heat its cars and run more of them, and not the Brooklyn Rapid Transit?

J. H. M.

Wants Soldiers' Wives Paid Promptly.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

How about her husband's army pay that each wife was to get? Here it is January, 1918, and as yet I haven't received November's pay. Also, a wife and child were to have $25 extra per month, starting November. That has not showed up. These men are giving up a home and loved ones to fight; but a poor mother and child must wait for their little pay! It's war time and pretty hard to get along.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

The Hennig Incident.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Much has been said about American justice, and as a good American citizen, I hesitate to criticise it, but this exposure at the Bliss Torpedo Works seems to warrant a thorough investigation in all munition works.

There has been too much leniency shown in the past to spies and agents caught in acts of destruction. This nation does not seem to realize that we are at war, and a spy or a German agent caught or suspected of treason should have a fair but speedy trial, and, if found guilty, there should be one punishment—death, and not internment.

We cannot permit men who pretend to be Americans, but yield their fealty to the enemy, to endanger the lives of our soldiers and our sailors by heartless treachery.

R. E. G.

Learning!

By J. H. Cassel

The Love That Lives

By Sophie Irene Loeb

SOME time ago in these columns appeared an article dealing with the subject, "Nothing so Dead as a Dead Love."

Many letters came. They were filled with the tragedies of the everyday — all agreeing that it is futile to kindle a flame that has burned itself out. But oh, the sorrows and suffering that are endured in the hope of bringing back an attachment that has been severed.

Oh, the heartaches that women have been called on to bear, because of the neglect and cruelty of one who has been so much—one who has made love, but never made good; who has forgotten, and who has gone on the theory of "off with the old, on with the new," little realizing or caring about the misery he has caused.

Many of these missives bear out the old axiom that "Love is for man but a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence."

But now comes a letter—a letter of cheer and hope from a woman who has realized the futility of pining for the faithless one, and who has conquered over the bitter despair and despondency, and is herself again. She says in part:

"In all he seemed to measure up to my ideals. We went out together often and soon became steadfast friends. At first I liked him, though not seriously, and I believe he thought a great deal of me, at least he let me think so.

"Then after several months he gradually stopped calling, though he continued to write. For a long while I made excuses for his shortcomings and I believed him when he said he was busy.

"A few months went by and his best friend announced to my sister that my friend intended to marry very soon, that he had been keeping company a year. As you may see, I was dumfounded.

"And then I found that I cared more than I had known. I brooded for days, considered the world anything but a sun-shiny one, and worried myself sick. Then, in my trouble, I wrote a very cutting letter to this friend.

"I had a phone call right away, next a letter and a promise that he would come immediately to patch up matters. He did come, and offered all kinds of apologies.

"He admitted his engagement and when I said that he should have explained this to me long before, he could only say that he didn't think things would turn out so seriously.

"One day soon afterward I told my trouble to a dear friend. I listened, and her words were almost like yours in 'Nothing so Dead as a Dead Love.'

"I just wanted to let you know that very often one can help a poor soul in distress by words that are truth. I know from experience.

"I have resolved to be stronger—to forget my friend who proved so fickle. In fact I have almost entirely forgotten the whole affair.

"Indeed it is a very bad thing for a person to cast the whole wonderful earth aside just because of one bit of unhappiness. That was my experience. I have not changed my views since then."

And in the last paragraph there is a great wisdom. How many women brood and worry and fret and become old maids just because some one has failed to measure up!

After all there are thousands of good men in the world, thousands that are true, thousands that will not fail you. No one need suffer if they will but stiffen their backbone and stop seeking to hold the man who does not want to be held.

The love that lives does not need a life-preserver; it saves itself.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"HAVE you the evening papers?" asked Mrs. Jarr in a whisper when she met Mr. Jarr at the door on his homecoming.

"Sure," replied Mr. Jarr. "Want 'em now?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I don't want the children to see them. When Mrs. Stryver told me what the evidence was in the Dilger divorce case—and after those people had been in my house, too—I am afraid the children may read such terrible things about people they know and ask awkward questions. And that's the man, that man Dilger, who always gave the children a quarter to put in their banks and patted them on the head. He's a social alligator, the wretch!"

"Do you think the children read the divorce cases?" asked Mr. Jarr in surprise. They only look at the funny pictures. Unless there was a portrait of Donald Dilger labelled 'A Social Alligator,' the children wouldn't know he was in the papers, and they wouldn't know it even then unless it looked like Dilger and looked like an alligator too."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Jarr, "you take the responsibility. But I suppose you want to read all the unpleasant details? Men have no morality!"

"My morals are all right," replied Mr. Jarr. "But I don't believe there is any account of the Dilger case. It is only a separation suit, and before a referee."

"A referee?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Isn't referees what they have at prize fights? Well, Mr. and Mrs. Dilger did fight like cat and dog. But if you had heard what Mrs. Stryver told me about the reasons Mrs. Dilger, poor soul—although I will say I never liked her, I thought her too bold; she'd flirt with every man she met—left her husband. But, then, poor thing, she had good cause! It was shocking, simply shocking!"

"I hope the children were not present when Mrs. Stryver was telling you the dreadful details," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"The children are too young and innocent to understand such things, thank goodness!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But are you sure there was no evidence given in court?"

"I looked over the papers and saw no mention of it," replied Mr. Jarr. "If there had been a court trial, and if the evidence couldn't be printed, the court would have been so crowded with women that the papers would have mentioned it," replied Mr. Jarr.

"But what kind of women, may I ask?" Mrs. Jarr inquired. "What kind of women attend such trials?"

"Seemingly nice women," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"I am glad you say 'seemingly,'" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "You must have a great deal of time to spare—time that could be more profitably employed—when you spend the day attending divorce trials and scoffing at the women who are there, who, at least, possess no more questionable curiosity than the men who crowd the place and say they are 'seemingly' nice women."

"But I haven't been attending any divorce cases in court," Mr. Jarr declared. "And certainly not the Dilger divorce case. I told you it was to be tried in private before a referee."

"How did you know that?" asked Mrs. Jarr quickly.

"Lawyer Spellman, who is handling the case for Mrs. Dilger, told me it would be tried before a referee last week," Mr. Jarr explained.

"You never told me a thing about it! What did Lawyer Spellman tell you about the evidence?" Mrs. Jarr inquired eagerly.

"I didn't ask him, and if I had he wouldn't have told me. He is a stickler for professional ethics, you know," said Mr. Jarr.

"He might have told you in confidence, seeing he knows that we know the Dilgers and are, of course, anxious to know who is to blame. If Mrs. Dilger is really at fault, if her conduct was what Mrs. Stryver says it was, we can't receive her, that's all."

"I didn't ask Lawyer Spellman; and as I told you, professional ethics would have prevented him telling me as to which alligator the allegations were about."

Half an hour later after searching through the news columns Mrs. Jarr remarked that she didn't see why the papers didn't print anything except the war. "Even if a divorce case is before a referee, they might print who was to blame," she added.

I Love Thee, Columbia.

(New National Anthem Dedicated to the People of the United States.)

I love thee, Columbia, fair land of the west,
By nature with lavish hand bounteously blest;
Thy streams sparkling silver, thy plains waving gold,
Thy lakes heaven's mirrors, thy peaks towering bold;
Where the palm's sunny leaves greet the evergreen pine,
And the fruits of the west and the east intertwine.

O refuge from oppression,
Thou home of liberty;
Whose starry banner shelters
Freemen, forever free!

I love thee, Columbia, for patriots died
To wrest thee from tyrants that justice denied.
Thy sons bled to save, from disruption and shame,
Thy banner of stars and thy glory and fame,
That, still, from thy shores there may ring o'er the sea
The watchword of freedom, the song of the free.

CHORUS.

I love thee, Columbia. In progress and toil,
In love for thee rival the sons of thy soil.
From the lakes to the gulf, from Atlantic's wild roar,
To majestic Pacific's gold-glistening shore—
Were a foe thee to threaten, thy name to despise,
Thy sons in invincible ranks would arise.

CHORUS.

I love thee, Columbia, and, true o'er to thee,
I'll strive for thy glory, O land of the free,
May "Justice to all," be thy motto so brave,
"Where none shall be master, and none shall be slave,"
A nation united, as one we will stand:
Our hearts pledged to thee, our dear native land.

CHORUS.

My own, loved country, O set thou the goal!
Throughout all the world spread the reign of thy soul!
O guide thou the nations, and bear thou the light
To mankind still suffering in bondage and night—
That freedom and peace, with the blessing divine,
Prevail o'er the earth and the glory be thine!

By Henry G. Kost, No. 472 East 134th Street.

Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 57.—KING PHILIP'S WAR.

HE was a king. His native Indian name was Metacomet. But the white men called him King Philip. He ruled a great region of wilderness that stretched from Northern Massachusetts to Narragansett Bay.

His father was Massassoit, ruler of this same vast territory at the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts. Massassoit was hospitable to the newcomers. But, within a few years the white men had become so plentiful that he had cause to repent his hospitality, for they encroached more and more every year on the Indian hunting grounds.

When Massassoit died his elder son, Wamsutta, was ordered by the colonists to come to Plymouth as a prisoner, although he had done no wrong. On the way back to his old home in the forests he died. A rumor went forth that the white men had poisoned him.

Wamsutta's younger brother, Philip, now reigned over the local Indians. His heart was black with wrath over his brother's death and over the white men's many depredations. He vowed to drive the strangers from the land. Secretly he made treaties with neighboring chiefs for this purpose, until he had nearly 10,000 red warriors at his command. He chose as his headquarters a fortified hill called Mount Hope, near the present town of Bristol, R. I.

Philip's Reign of Terror.

The colonists heard of these warlike preparations and sent for Philip to explain. He answered the summons and told his inquirers that he was making ready for a defensive warfare against another Indian tribe. This lie was at first believed. But a renegade Indian—Sausamon, whose life Philip had saved—betrayed his benefactor's secret to the settlers.

Philip heard of his tribesman's treachery and had Sausamon waylaid by six of his braves and put to death. The six braves were captured by the white men and hanged. This drove Philip to open war. He sent the women and children of his tribe to Mount Hope for safety, warned several colonists who had been kind to him and forthwith went on the warpath.

The first blow of King Philip's war was struck at the village of Swansea on June 24, 1675, when the Indians swooped down in force upon the unprepared white men assembled there. Then followed a series of raids and retreats that set the whole colony ablaze. Militia went after the Indians. The latter avoided pitched battle with their foes, but were forever striking in the dark and at unexpected places.

Brookfield and Deerfield were looted and burned. Other towns were attacked in like manner. From Vermont to Connecticut the carnage raged. The young settlements of white men were in danger of total destruction. The colonists made counter-raids on Indian villages. A reward of 30 shillings was offered for every redskin killed. The whole region was steeped in blood and flame.

Trapped in His Lair.

At last Philip's remaining force was surrounded in a swamp near Mount Hope. A renegade told the militia where the Indians were encamped and a strong expedition was sent against the place.

On the early morning of Aug. 12, 1676, the militia surrounded the swamps. So sudden and fierce was the attack that the Indians were helpless to escape or to defend themselves.

Philip, who was sound asleep, sprang up, musket in hand, to rally his panic-stricken men. An Indian guide, attached to the storming party, caught sight of the frantic old chief and fired at him. The shot struck Philip dead as he was wading kneedeep in the impeding mire of the swamp. With his death ended the war—a war that had scourged the New England colonies and had smashed for all time the power of the New England Indians.

Philip's head was cut off and was stuck on a pole. In this way it was carried to Plymouth as a war relic and then was fastened atop the public gallows, where it remained for the next quarter of a century as a trophy and as a warning.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

IT must seem perfectly shocking to the epicures to have to think of food merely as "nourishment" instead of as life's chief inspiration.

HELEN ROWLAND

There are still some women to whom the most serious aspect of this war appears to be the awful time they had trying to find any candy canes for their Christmas trees! And yet there are still men who continue to sigh for "the sweet, old fashioned clinging vine!"

Two months and another love affair will cure the average woman's "broken heart;" two drinks and a round of golf will sometimes cure a man's.

If you called man "the nobler sex," every mortal one of them would feel injured and indignant at the thought of being deprived of his natural right to be as "inferior" as he pleases now and then.

Before marriage it takes a barrage fire of smiles and a gas attack of flattery to make a man tell you that he loves you: after marriage, a hand grenade of hints and a bayonet thrust of gentle reminder.

Solomon had the old fashioned table d'hote idea of matrimony, but Bluebeard and Henry VIII. were more up to date; they took their wives a la carte, just like a modern Reno graduate.

No, dearie, romance is not quite dead until your husband refers to your airy breakfast table chatter as "clucking."

"All the conveniences of a modern apartment leave too much idle time on a woman's hands!" sighs the masculine philosopher who lives in one and no longer has to mow the lawn, start the furnace, build the grate fires, spray the plants, paint the front piazza, rake up the leaves or shovel off the snow.

Well, anyway, if prohibition comes, a man will know just what a good time he had "the night before" without waiting until his wife proves it to him.

Rats Help Protect Miners' Lives.

INVESTIGATORS of mining conditions and the peculiar dangers to which miners are subjected recently have taken much interest in the practice of Western gold miners to make pets of the rats which commonly infest mines. On the mother lode vein of California it has been found that the miners invariably feed the rats and take care of them, believing that the rodents are a source of protection against accidents. This is due, the men say, to the instinct of the rats, which warns them when a tunnel roof is unsafe. And when the rats leave a tunnel it is almost impossible to get the miners to work there. This recalls the belief among sailors that rats will leave a doomed ship. The miners also have found that rats are much more susceptible than humans to the dangerous gases that so often cause loss of life in the mines. Long before the miners themselves are affected by these gases the rats become sick and show symptoms of distress. So the men keep close watch on the rats' good health.

Miners have been superstitious since the beginning of time. This is easily explained because of their strange employment. The folklore of every land has superstitions originating among miners, in which ghostly gnomes roam about deserted mines and uncover fortunes. Also the men become obsessed with the idea that they hear the blows of picks wielded by spirit hands, and many other such ideas.

Nowhere are miners more superstitious than in Germany, where they have a whole family of gnomes. The mythology of elaborate development. Principal among the personages of this mythology are the two gnomes Nickel and Kobold. Nickel is a helpful goblin, supposed to aid the man in their work, but Kobold is the incarnation of evil. As an offering to these gods of the underground world, two metals bear their names—nickel and cobalt. Both were first discovered in Saxony.